

# A Study in Statesmen

by Edward B. Clark



FORCE, picturesqueness and ability in congress knows no sections. Northerners, southerners, easterners and westerners have their strengths and their weaknesses, their likes and their dislikes, their physical mannerisms and their mental idiosyncrasies just like all other human beings.

There have been men in congress who year in and year out on every occasion have kept hewing to the line of one special legislative endeavor. John T. Morgan, for years senator from the state of Alabama, worked for months untold to secure the adoption by the United States government of the Nicaraguan route for the great interoceanic canal. He lost out, but it is probable that the facts which he obtained in his researches were of more value to the diggers of the canal than those gathered by any other man.

Senator Morgan was one of the noted exceptions to the psalmist's rule for the limit of the years of man. Some of the flippant, and possibly tired, senators declared that Mr. Morgan's speeches were as long as his life. If the voice of the Alabama man had been younger there would have been few sleepy ones in the senate when he talked—that is when he talked on any other subject than the interoceanic canal. Then it was to fly before the face of his oratory.

There was substance to Senator Morgan's speeches, and this much cannot be said for the vocal efforts of some of the flippant and younger ones. The aged one's words went into the Congressional Record and illuminated its pages. When he rose to speak many of the colleagues of Mr. Morgan retreated to the restaurant or the cloak room. Only rarely did he take apparent notice of the seeming discourtesy. Once, wisely or unwisely, he said with something of pathos in his voice that he wished he could talk in the lunch room, for there he would be sure of an audience.

Mr. Morgan was no imperialist. He had a fear in his heart of the outcome of the policy of expansion, and the note of warning that came from his lips was frequent and forceful. One day, after outlining the position which he believed his country should take, his voice came back to him. Senators starting to leave their seats sunk back and listened. The words fairly rang through the chamber. This was what he said:

"In this lofty attitude we can prove the virtue of the republic before the eyes of all mankind, or we can set its light as a beacon to warn coming generations that, even in the highest reach of power and advantage, this republic—the cynosure of all eyes—is affected to the core with the sin of covetousness, and is aflame with the consequent lust of power that is attended with the usurpations, tyrannies and oppressions which have marked the course of the oligarchies and despots that have disgraced the history of other nations."

The senate of the United States stands for dignity. Sometimes the dignity is overdone, but, on one occasion the Senate was undignified to the point of striking several older senators with horror.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina was making nothing less than an impassioned speech. He was reaching toward the skies of oratory, when Senator Warren left his seat, unseen of Tillman, and took station behind the South Carolinian. The speaker had both hands high over his head directing the soaring of his thoughts and words. Warren took a step forward. His hand stole to Tillman's side, slipped into his pocket, and came out again holding in its clutch a big black bottle.

All unconscious Tillman went on with his words of fire. Warren held his find aloft in full view of the presiding officer, of his colleagues and the crowded galleries. There was a gasp, then a smothered and simultaneous gurgle of horror from a hundred throats, and then roaring laughter uncheckable.

Tillman turned and knowledge of the awfulness of his situation came to him. For once, possibly for the first time in his life, he was staggered to speechlessness. He strove for words, but they came not at his bidding. His face was first black with something like anger. Then the cloud cleared and a smile broke through. Speech returned, and two words came: "Boric acid."

It was boric acid, but unfortunately for Mr. Tillman, it had been put into a black and suspicious bottle. A sore throat was the reason for its carrying, and while the South Carolinian is a man of known truth, he would not let the matter pass until he had passed the bottle and had forced his comrades to smell the stuff and make clear his temperance record.

Neither senate nor house makes light of pension pleas in the presence of the galleries, but some of the would-be pensioners play comic roles in the committee rooms and corridors. Claimants who can prove things are treated as old soldiers and old soldiers' widows ought to be treated—decently and reverently.

Congress in its weakness has voted pensions on many an occasion, though doubtless knowing that the pensions were unearned and undeserved, but the day of that sort of thing is passing. If it has not altogether gone. One member was asked to use his influence to secure an in-



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crease of pension for the widow of a soldier. There were papers forwarded to him which bore on the case, and these he turned over to the committee on pensions after his bill had been introduced.

The widow did not get her money, and it was not long before the whole house knew why. The member who had espoused the widow's cause had been in congress for years, and the joke at his expense was too good to keep, and one after another of his colleagues walked up to his desk and congratulated him on the wisdom shown in the plea which was in written form, he had turned in to the committee to win the widow's case.

It is perhaps needless to say that the member had never read the plea. It set forth the fact that while the amount of pension increase the widow of the soldier hero asked for was large, it must be understood "that she came of good family, moved in the best social circles, and was in need of a large sum of money to keep up appearances."

Upon occasion senators and representatives permit their constituents to do their talking for them in congress. Petitions come in floods at times, with the object of securing legislation by external pressure. In the Smoot case, and in the pure food and army canteen matters the pleas of the people came in by the tens of thousands. The members of both houses present these letters, call attention to their import and then allow the petition to do the rest if they are potent enough.

Senator Latimer of South Carolina once introduced a good roads bill calling for the expenditure of government millions for the improvement of the highways. The automobilists all over the country began sending letters of approval. They pressed their friends into the writing service, but that they did not always pass upon the persuasive merits of the friends' productions is shown fairly well by one letter on the good roads subject received by Senator Cullom. It read like this:

"Dear Mr. Cullom: Please vote for this d-d bill, and you will oblige a fool friend of mine who runs an automobile. Yours more or less sincerely, —"

It was a Chicago man who wrote this appeal. There were others like unto it. The good roads bill still sleeps.

In the older days the school readers contained the story of "Til Try Sir Miller." Probably everybody knows who "Til Try Sir Miller" was. Certainly everybody ought to know. Gen. James Miller then a captain, was the hero of Lundy's Lane. He said he would try to do the thing necessary for the thrashing of the enemy, and he did it, and "Til Try Sir" took the place of his Christian name James.

For years several representatives in congress tried to secure an appropriation to be used for the building of a monument to General Miller at Petersboro, N. H., near which town "Til Try Sir" lived on a farm before the war of 1812, and for years after its close. The representatives who had the matter of pushing the bill in hand used the words of Captain Miller at Lundy's Lane to express their own determination to secure a victory. They certainly did try, and the speeches that were made before the library committee of congress held patriotic appeals in every sentence. Apparently, however, it was easier for Miller to capture a battery against odds than it was for members of congress to capture the dollars necessary to build a monument of enduring stones to his memory.

It was a case of try and try again. While the cause of Miller, whose heroism was worth a dozen monuments, was being pleaded, congress voted money for memorials to other men less deserving. Finally, however, a New Hampshire member who had been digging into history found out something about "Til Try Sir's" career which was not generally known. Congress had been told time and again that Captain Miller not only had shown conspicuous gallantry at Lundy's Lane, but that prior to that fight he had thrashed a superior force of British and Indians at Managaw. Congress had also been told that Miller had commanded the center column of General Brown's army, which routed what was apparently an overwhelmingly greater force of the British at Fore Erie.

These things didn't make an impression. Congress seemed to think that inasmuch as Miller was a soldier that it was his business to defeat superior forces of the enemy every day in the week without imposing any monument-raising duty on posterity. The New Hampshire member, however, found out that after the war of 1812 Miller went back to his farm near Petersboro, plowed fields, chopped wood and milked the cows instead of going to Washington to ask the government to do something for him on account of his record.

Miller's popularity was such after the treaty of peace that the government probably would have been glad to give him anything that it had to give. When "Til Try Sir" was asked why he was playing Cincinnati instead of taking a job in Washington, he replied: "When men begin leaving the farms for the cities the nation will begin to decay."

Congress was told of this saying of Miller's, and either admiration for his choice of a farmer's life or else belief that he was a prophet who before long might have the truth of his prophecy proved, brought a favorable report from the committee on library in the matter of the monument at Petersboro.

sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the inferiority of others, or with our own former."

If a laugh is a benefaction and the provoker of a laugh a benefactor, why are there more statues to dull people than to witty ones? Who was the greatest laugh promoter in history? It was said of Sidney Smith that he was the father of 10,000,000 laughs. "Laughter," said Lord Rosebery recently, "is a physical necessity. We live under a sunless sky, surrounded by a melancholy ocean, and it is a physical necessity for the English nation—even for the Scotch nation and the Welsh nation—to laugh. It exhilarates all social relations. Was not," his lordship added, "the laugh

of Sir Frank Lockwood something that would make a stuffed bird rejoice? And those who listened to the splendor of merriment which he could impart by that laugh realize the intense value of that emotional exercise."

Alibi.

Father (having caught his son in a lie)—Haven't I always told you to tell the truth?

Son—Yes, father; but you also told me never to become the slave of a habit.

Do you ever think of the irrevocable nature of speech? You may find, years after your light word was spoken, that it made a whole life unhappy, or ruined the peace of a household.—Stopford Brooke

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## IN THE UP-TO-DATE FASHION

Lecturer Found It No Trouble at All to Answer Question Meant to Embarrass Him.

"Will you allow me to ask you a question?" interrupted a man in the audience.

"Certainly, sir," said the lecturer.

"You have given us a lot of figures about immigration, increase of wealth, the growth of trusts and all that," said the man. "Let's see what you know about figures yourself. How do you find the greatest common divisor?"

Slowly and deliberately the orator took a glass of water.

Then he pointed his finger straight at the questioner. Lightning flashed from his eyes, and he replied, in a voice that made the gas jets quiver: "Advertise for it, you ignoramus!"

The audience cheered and yelled and stamped, and the wretched man who had asked the question crawled out of the hall a total wreck.

## DISFIGURED WITH CRUSTS

"Some time ago I was taken with eczema from the top of my head to my waist. It began with scales on my body. I suffered untold itching and burning, and could not sleep. I was greatly disfigured with scales and crusts. My ears looked as if they had been most cut off with a razor, and my neck was perfectly raw. I suffered untold agony and pain. I tried two doctors who said I had eczema in its fullest stage, and that it could not be cured. I then tried other remedies to no avail. At last, I tried a set of the genuine Cuticura Remedies, which cured me of eczema when all else had failed, therefore I cannot praise them too highly.

"I suffered with eczema about ten months, but am now entirely cured, and I believe Cuticura Remedies are the best skin cure there is." (Signed) Miss Mattie J. Shaffer, R. F. D. 1, Box 8, Dancy, Miss., Oct. 27, 1910.

"I had suffered from eczema about four years when boils began to break out on different parts of my body. It started with a fine red rash. My back was affected first, when it also spread over my face. The itching was almost unbearable at times. I tried different soaps and salves, but nothing seemed to help me until I began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. One box of them cured me entirely. I recommended them to my sister for her baby who was troubled with tooth eczema, and they completely cured her baby." (Signed) Mrs. F. L. Marberger, Dreherstown, Pa., Sept. 6, 1910.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 4 L, Boston.

## DECIDED NOT TO OPEN IT.



Caller—I was thinking about opening a drug store in this neighborhood. Do you think one is needed around here?

Resident—Great idea. There's no place within ten blocks where a man can buy stamps or see the city directory.

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## The Quaker Scored.

An old Quaker went into a bookseller's shop, and an impertinent shopman, wishing to have some sport at his expense, said to him:

"You are from the country, are you not?"

"Yes," replied the Quaker.

"Then here is just the thing for you," responded the man, holding out the book.

"What is it?" asked the Quaker.

"It is an 'Essay on Rearing Donkeys.'"

"Friend," said the Quaker, "there had better present that to thy mother."

He Wondered.  
"What do you think of my hat, dear? I bought it at a great reduction."

"Good heavens! What size was it before they began to reduce it?"

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## The Shepherd of the Black Sheep

Professor Sir Charles Bell in the Strand Calls It a Convulsive Action of the Diaphragm.

"Laughter," says Professor Sir Charles Bell in the London Strand, "is a convulsive action of the diaphragm. In this state the person draws a full breath and throws it out in interrupted, short and audible cacklings. This convulsion of the diaphragm is the principal part of the physical manifestation of laughter; but there are several accessories, especially the sharp vocal utterance arising from the violent tension of the larynx and the expression of the features, this being

a more intense form of the smile. In extreme cases the eyes are moistened by the effusion from the lacrimal glands."

There you have a scientific definition. But it is clear that mankind would hardly take the trouble to go through that experience if that is all that laughter consisted of. They would not regard a Dickens or a Mark Twain as a benefactor merely because a perusal of their writings produced that. No; even the philosophers know that laughter is something better than that—something internal—that there is such a thing as silent laughter. Hobbes calls laughter "a